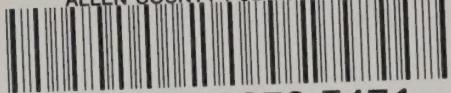


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1873

Rides About Camden

1853 & 1873



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Rides About Camden

1853 & 1873

Edited by Harvey S. Teal

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INTRODUCTION

Several years ago the editor was engaged in a research project dealing with Kershaw County newspapers. In the course of this research he was examining the files of Camden newspapers in the South Caroliniana Library at the University of South Carolina. Looking through the files, two series of articles, one in 1853 and the other in 1873, called "Rides About Camden" came to his attention. The editor found that the articles contained excellent descriptions of Mulberry, Paint Hill, Hobkirk Hill, Gum Swamp and Camden in 1853 and 1873.

An immediate attempt was made to identify the authors of the articles. Mrs. Margaret Maxwell Martin was established as the author of the 1853 series after several weeks of research. Mrs. Martin was the wife of Reverend William Martin, who served as pastor of the Methodist Church in Camden in 1853-54. Mr. Martin was well-known in Methodist circles, serving as pastor of the Washington Street Methodist Church in Columbia and also as president of Columbia Female College (now Columbia College) in 1860-61. In the 1850's he had helped raise money for the establishment of the College. A memorial window to Mr. Martin can be seen today in the Washington Street Methodist Church. During the Martin's stay in Camden, Mrs. Martin wrote the 1853 articles, "Rides About Camden."

Mrs. Martin was born in Scotland in 1807 and was christened Margaret Maxwell. She and her Mother came to this country in 1816, joining Mr. Maxwell. He had preceded them and was established in business in Fayetteville, N. C. In 1818 the family moved to Columbia, S. C. and it was there Miss Maxwell received most of her education. She attended Dr. Elias Mark's school, Barhamville. She later opened a girls' school of her own, which she operated successfully for a number of years. After the War Between The States she established another school that also proved to be a successful venture.

In 1836 she married Reverend William Martin and,

for many years, accompanied him on his rounds as an itinerant, missionary, Methodist preacher. Mrs. Martin became a lady of wide and varied experiences. She met and knew personally William Gilmore Simms, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, William C. Preston, James Chesnut, and many other prominent men of that period.

Mrs. Martin was devoted to literature and was widely known for her writing. William Gilmore Simms had this to say about Mrs. Martin and her writings:

"In her various wanderings as a missionary's wife, our author has been brought into neighborhoods which should have with us a classical and patriotic distinction. She has sought out and explored their place of mark, and caught up and woven into graceful verse or no less graceful prose the legends and the histories of our colonial and Revolutionary periods."¹

Some of Mrs. Martin's publications are The Day Spring, Methodism, or Christianity in Earnest, The Sabbath-School Offering, Religious Poems, Flowers and Fruits and Heroines of Early Methodism. In addition to these books, she wrote hundreds of poems and articles that appeared in periodicals and newspapers during her life time.

The Martins had another connection with Camden. They were good friends of General James Chesnut and his wife, Mary Boykin Chesnut. In fact, Mary Boykin Chesnut and Isabella Martin, the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Martin, were such good friends that Mrs. Chesnut bequeathed her diaries to Isabella. In 1905 these diaries were co-edited by Miss Isabella Martin and Myrta Lockett Avary as the incomparable Diary From Dixie.

Try as the editor may, he has been unable to identify the author of the 1873 series of *Rides About Camden*. There is evidence that they were written by Colonel William M. Shannon, but this has not been proven. The editor bases the above statement on the fact that these articles are similar

in style and word usage to articles that Colonel Shannon did contribute to the local press during that period (1870's).

In preparing both of these series of articles for publication, the editor found it necessary to delete several portions of them, to change the punctuation, and to correct spelling. The deleted portions are extremely long, non-Camden, and uninteresting descriptions of places and events.

The editor is indebted to Mr. Norman Fohl for the loan of the pictures that appear on the cover and fly leaf and to the South Caroliniana Library for the use of files of Camden Newspapers.

Harvey S. Teal



The photograph originally appearing in this pamphlet was not available for this reprint. Since one of the "rides" features a tour of Mulberry Plantation, this photograph, taken at Mulberry, has been substituted. The photograph is attributed to W. S. Alexander and is provided through the courtesy of The South Caroliniana Library.

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN - JULY, 1853

Number 1 - Kirkwood

Many persons ride from many motives. Some ride for pleasure, some for recreation, and some for health. Some of these things move me in the particular, perhaps all move me in the general, but my propelling motive for a ride is a wider range for my eye - the whole unbounded country or town. A ride for me is a brisk ride in an open buggy of a breezy summer morn or eve. Seated beside me is one to whom I can exclaim, "Lo, what a goodly prospect swells around, of hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires!"

It has been my happy lot to enjoy such rides in various places. I may go to a place as an entire stranger, and, in a short time, I shall have become familiar and imbued with its interesting localities. I may, perchance, meet that venerable referee, its oldest inhabitant. I may observe and note down many things of importance, that, for want of this bird's-eye view, had likely remained unnoticed and unknown.

Reader, come, you were of yore mine indulgent companion in "Rides about Columbia." I would discourse you, now, about the classic shades of Camden where, as usual, I ride. Camden, unlike her younger and fairer sister, Columbia, does not have the reputation of possessing Venus' Cestus. Yet she is not without her charms; she is unostentatious, but attractive as I shall presently prove to the satisfaction of her incredulous oldest inhabitant or you. If you are to see Camden, you must first see Kirkwood. Well, then, Kirkwood, ho!

Camden proper, becoming, as was supposed, sickly in the Southern end of the town most exposed to malaria from the river, colonized a healthful sandhill region at the extreme north of the town. This settlement extended out some miles into the country. Beautiful, indeed, and healthful is Kirkwood; the houses were built with all the tasteful improvements of modern architecture, the style graceful, light,

and Grecian, suited to our Southern latitude. Some of the residences are really elegant; the home of Mr. John M. DeSaussure was a palace. The retreat of Dr. Boykin, with mirrored lake, has a sparkling fountain and umbrageous shades. Miss McRae's ornate cottage is elaborately terraced from the piazza to the road, some three hundred feet; a ram brings from a neighboring brook an abundant supply of water for fountains, fishing ponds, and jets. Mr. W: E. Johnson's place is, perhaps, the most picturesque of any of these beautiful homes. He has twelve acres, laid off in correct and elegant taste. Art and nature have done much for this lovely place, but nature has done more. In one part of these grounds we have a soft and gentle landscape, in another part there is one that is rugged and wild. If you go to the front, you are in Italy; if you go to the rear, you are in Switzerland. That placid lake below, sleeping so quietly and unruffled, save by the pinions of the water fowl upon its bosom, was once an impetuous stream, fed by a gushing spring. There, in the War of the Revolution, the army of Greene encamped for the convenience of procuring water. Here, also, all over the sand hills, was the sharp skirmishing between the two hostile powers. Many relics of the battle have been picked up on this classic ground. On the very site of General Cantey's residence, on that neighboring hill, some of the trees felled to give place to the house were found perforated with bullet holes. That is the veritable "Hobkirk's Hill," so-called from the gentleman, Hobkirk who owned it at that time.

Colonel Kirkwood, the American officer in the battle of Hobkirk's Hill and for whom this beautiful new settlement is named, behaved with singular gallantry and firmness in this well-contested passage at arms. History tells us that the attack of the British was made on the very quarter in which the American general was best prepared; that the pickets behaved with the utmost coolness, gathering in the videttes and forming with great deliberation under Colonel Kirkwood's Delaware command. His position formed the American advance and met the first shock of the enemy's charge. Here the contest was maintained for a while with great obstinacy. This little squad retired slowly, fighting with resolute determination, step by step, as they receded

before the accumulating pressure of the foe. Before we quit the scene of the battle, we should like to correct an impression made by some historians that this encounter resulted in the entire defeat of the American army. After Rawdon had retired to Camden leaving Captain Coffin with his whole troop in charge, Colonel Washington decoyed Coffin and his troop into a well-concerted ambuscade; these men were either cut to pieces or compelled to save themselves by flight. The field thus, virtually, remained in possession of the Americans.

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN, 1853

Number 2 - Mulberry

"When you pay your visit to Mulberry, you must take my carriage, which is larger than yours, so that you can take all the children," said a kind neighbor and friend to me. Accordingly, one bright and beautiful spring morning, her capacious carriage, well-packed, was seen wending its way to Mulberry. This was the rural residence of Colonel Chesnut. Mulberry, so called, we presume, from the tree of that name so common in this section of the country. The tree is prized more for its fine shade than for its fruit, for which persons generally have no fondness.

As we left the town for our drive to Mulberry, we found it to be a distance of nearly three miles. A bridge stretched across the road completely canopied by over-arching trees. Nearly all of the remainder of our way we traveled an aromatic avenue of the crab. The yellow jessamine and Cherokee rose also entwined themselves around every twig and shrub, post and pillar within their reach. This lent an oriental luxuriance of beauty and sweetness to the surroundings. As we approach the house through an extensive lawn, we are greeted with the sight of that glory of our southern woods, the live oak - so darkly, deeply, beautifully green."

But here is the house - a substantial brick one, handsome, capacious, and massive; a house that is a house, a

home for a large family - one of the homesteads of the olden time. The birthdays, the wedding days, the "Merry Christmases," the pastimes beneath those venerable shades, the home-leavings for school or college, the home-returnings again, the tears at partings, the smiles at meeting again all come up. O, the blessed memories of such a home, sanitary to the pilgrim, however, far removed from it! That home we entered. The furniture was in keeping with the appearance of things without, useful, substantial, good, nothing tawdry, no ginger gilding about it. There in "the old armchair" sat the venerable mother (the father had taken his usual ride to the plantations, but would be in presently). A beautiful picture of old age is that mother's calm, peaceful serenity, as soft and mellow as a day of our own lovely autumn. She had come to the South from her native North, a beauteous young bride. We beheld her portrait as taken then; how bright, how blooming, that carnation cheek, that cherry lip, those auburn curls.

"You can scarcely realize," said the dear old lady, "that I ever look that way."

Indeed, we could; there was much beauty now as then although it was of a different kind - the difference between Spring and Autumn. For my part, I have always been an admirer of old age. There is something so subdued, so meek, so spiritual about it. It seems that its beauty owes more to Heaven than to earth. The angelic sweetness of temper of this lovely old lady has been a beautiful lesson to her large family. Her daughter-in-law said to me,

"Never, in all the domestic trials of a numerous family, in all her different relations in it, never, have I seen her temper even ruffled. She was one of the young ladies selected to welcome Washington to Trenton and to send him a written address on the occasion. This message Washington answered in a very complimentary manner."

We walked through the rooms to examine the many fine portraits on the walls. That is General Washington's picture there we were told. Mr. Martin, our informer, was corrected at this point.

"No," said another, "that portrait is Colonel Chesnut's father, but your mistake is one that was very common in his life time. Colonel Chesnut's father so greatly resembled Washington that he was frequently mistaken for him, or he was thought to be Washington's brother."

Comparing it with Washington's picture - a fine one of the General, himself, taken by the celebrated Stuart, we found the likeness not so striking as we at first esteemed it. Colonel Chesnut, a boy in school in Philadelphia, saw General Washington when he passed through to enter upon his duties as President of these United States. Here, then, is a couple still living, who have both seen the Father of our Country. Soon those who can say this will have all passed away.

Colonel Chesnut is full of interesting Revolutionary incidents. He told Mr. Martin, on learning that his grandfather was Captain Martin of Sumter's cavalry, that he had often heard of him; how he was a large, stalwart, active man, who could jump over his own horse. How interesting become these items of those times from the ones who are living eye - and ear-witnesses to their truth! Colonel Chesnut is over eighty, hale, hearty, active, and in full possession of all his faculties. He bears himself erectly, walks at a brisk gait, and needs not the assistance of spectacles. He has been from the beginning one of the most intelligent and liberal patrons of the Wateree Mission to the blacks. He took a personal interest in the matter, attended the Mission Church, and worshipped in the midst of his people. May his children's children continue to see to it - that this holy charity be continued to their servants forever. So shall they ever rise up, as they do now, and call them blessed.

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN, 1853

Number 3 - DeKalb Factory

Yes, there is a Sabbath for the factory. This is evident to anyone who has ever observed the numbers of decently-

clad and healthy-looking grown folks and children on the Sabbath day briskly threading their way along the road and through the woods that leads from the DeKalb Factory to the church in Camden. There is a Sabbath for the factory as anyone might adjudge, who, favored as we were before morning service in the church, took a walk or ride of not more than a mile or so and found themselves at a small pine log house, a little way into the woods that skirt and screen the DeKalb Factory.

When we entered the school, we found that it began earlier than those in town (of which we were not aware). It was in full exercise, in excellent order, properly classed off, and well-supplied with teachers and superintendent, this latter, a host himself to all the best interests of the people of the factory. We were introduced to the school; we heard some of the classes recite with great credit to scholars and teachers, some of whom might occasionally have to spell out a long word, yet, had done their best, therefore, had done nobly.

The minister now addressed the school before it closed. With what earnest and devout attention he was heard! This was evidenced from every indication of countenance and manner.

"O," whispered one of the teachers to me, "we are all so pleased at this. You must sometime again steal away from your Sabbath school in town and visit us."

The superintendent informed us that bating the scantiness of the library (and might this soon be remedied for them) the school was in a very prosperous condition. We had judged as much from the numbers, order, and attention.

DeKalb Factory, a little to the northeast of Camden, is situated on a bold and beautiful hill creek, which gathered into a large lake, propels its machinery. This factory is intended, I believe, chiefly for the manufacture of coarse cotton goods. Ready sale is found for these products, and, if I am not misinformed, a prosperous business is being done. The operatives are all whites; they are comfortably

housed; their temporal and spiritual interests are both well-cared for. They are near enough to town to enjoy the privilege of state worship with congregations there. They are mostly members of the Methodist and Baptist churches. The Methodists have a class of about thirty; their leader is also the superintendent of the Sabbath School. He is one in whose piety they have the utmost confidence, and one whom they all respect and love.

This good brother of the factory conducted us through the establishment. He gave me a tolerably clear insight into the philosophy of so much motion, albeit, my head is prone to whirl a little with wheel within wheel mystery of complicated machinery.

"In this room," he said, "all you see are spinners."

"Do you keep healthy here?" I asked as soon as I recognized some of my Sunday School acquaintances.

"O, yes, generally we do," was the reply. "There have been a few ailing."

"Do you receive attention when you are sick?" I asked.

"A great deal more now than we used to. When we are sick, we have only to let the visitors of the Female Benevolent Society know it, and we want for nothing, not even little delicacies. The great comfort of this is that we can depend upon it. Before, though sometimes we did get attention, yet there was a chance about it. This kept us uneasy. O, Mrs. C. and Miss E. are good ladies; they are a great blessing to the sick out here."

"How much do you earn per month?" I asked.

"Ten dollars and fourteen cents, but the workers make more, about sixteen or seventeen dollars per month," was the reply.

"That," observed one with a possessive face with whom I had now begun to converse, "that is more than I could make

any other way. Some folks," continued she, "look down upon factory folks, but I have had to work hard all my life. I think that a female is better paid for work and less exposed here than any where she could get it. This is pretty constant, but it is not so hard as field work. I am thankful to be as well off as I am."

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN, 1853

Number 4 - Paint Hill

That love of country is a virtue of no common order amounts to a truism. In order to love our whole country, we must first love the place where we live. Neighbor Camdenian, do you desire to love your country, or what is the same, your town? Then get by heart her features, especially, that exceedingly prominent one of which we have just been taking surprised and delighted cognizance, Paint Hill. Perhaps you were not aware she possessed any such feature.

Well, a ride of a mile or two in the direction I will indicate will give ocular demonstration of the fact. You will consider yourself well-repaid for any time or trouble it may cost you. Do, neighbor, without further delay betake yourself there as we did this morning. The road is excellent, leading past the depot through that beautiful creek, which the Bay blossoms are using for a looking glass - all in pure white as they are, and perfumed as a bride for her wedding. Then you will come to that venerable relic of the past, McRae's Mill, a Revolutionary relic, by the way. It was at its palmiest during those stirring times of seventy-six. Now tenantless and deserted, no longer does it furnish food for the eater; no longer is it surrounded by up-country wagons, disembarking their teeming loads; no longer does it resound with the ceaseless hum of busy industry. It stands a melancholy monument of the wheel of time. At the rear of the old mill, there is a small pond, and there is a beautiful white crane feeding among the lilies. But on we go, crossing over the creek, which, by that race at the side of the road,

was carried along to minister to the operations of McRae's Mill. On the bank of that stagnant looking pond, full of old stumps, which you perceive as you cross the bridge, sits a hunter with a fowling piece in hand, waiting his opportunity to shoot a wild duck. Ah, he has been successful, we presume. At least there is a report to that effect!

But, here we are at our hill. Paint so-styled, we suppose, from the soil here, which abruptly assumes the hue of vermillion. The distance from Camden appeared from this view so very short. I congratulated myself on being there before nightfall.

Let us take a circuit of the hill; it is a considerable cone for these parts and affords an extended view. Camden appears in this distance charming in rural beauty from every stand point of the declivity, and touched with sacred associations by the Heaven-directed spire of the distant church. As we round the hill, a chasm, fearfully immense, yawns below us. This is a fine study for the geologist. That it is of no recent date appears from the tall trees at the bottom - with whose tops we are more than on a level, in fact, we might "eat hominy off them," as the saying goes. Come, neighbor Camdenian, look at your town now from Paint Hill. To look from this noble pinnacle of nature at yon bowerlike home will be to love it. As you stand here imbibing its charms, you will apostrophize it in language like the following or better.

"To My Own Dear Town"

I've viewed from many a classic height,
Full many a place of fair renown,
But none to me were like the sight
Of these, my own dear Town.

They minister'd to eye and mind,
But ah, they failed to touch my heart
Like thee, tho' rating far behind,
In charms my own dear Town.

From them rich with the spoils of art,
With all that wealth and power confer,
Would often, my mind's eye depart
To thee my own dear Town.

To get, of the refreshing view,
Embower'd in trees, serene and calm,
While peopled with the good and true,
My good, my own dear Town.

Yes, when I see thy Church's spire,
I know that prayer goes up from thee,
Then my heart's holiest desires
Go up, for my dear Town.

O, let me ne'er be lur'd by gold,
To leave thy altars and thy hearth,
Let interest and affection hold
Me to my own dear Town.

And more thy churches and thy graves
All, all the past in memory down,
O, may these let no adverse waves
Drift me, from my dear Town.

Now down the hill, homeward bound, we are again at McRae's old mill. Our wild duck hunter is here before us. He is, we perceive, stealing a march on our beautiful white crane, still feeding among the lilies of the pond. He aims; he fires. Alas, it has fallen into the snare of the fowler! Unwillingly we are in at the pretty creature's death. The children of our party are horrified.

"O, I never would have killed a crane for anything," cried one of the little ones.

"He has killed this crane for a fan," replied a member of the party. "Ladies must have fans, and cranes must be sacrificed, 'though pity, 'tis true!"

These beautiful waterfowl do so enhance the picturesque. Every time we pass McRae's old mill, we'll heave a requiem for the dead crane.

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN, 1853

Number 5 - Hughes Mill

"I am for a pastoral visit today, of some distance into the country, and I should like very much to have company," said the minister.

So behold our four children and us - "six precious souls," but not too heavy a load for our noble horse, *Presto*, - "Old Grey," of our rides about Columbia, superannuated, but cared for still. We go at a brisk pace on the main road, through Kirkwood for a mile or two. Elegant mansions and cottages, in row, ornamented either side of the road till we are fairly in the wild woods. As we proceed, we are animated and cheered by the sight of a handsome dwelling house and flower garden, the seat of Mr. Cureton. Here, the solitary place has been made glad, and the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose, literally. We are also "made glad" by the sight of a cart full of melons and peaches from which we purchase liberally. The proprietor's name is "Love," the children think. However, the name, as the criminal dockets in this district of late testify, does not here literally verify the Scripture that "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." The children, little cormorants, not satiated with peaches, etc., must be down to the huckleberries that blacken the herbage. Little Martin said that they looked just as if they were waiting for somebody to come to pull them.

How rough and rugged the country around appears as we proceed, defile after defile, ledge upon ledge. What a sudden change from the table land we have just left.

"Here is the house of my parishioner," said the minister. "I suppose you will prefer waiting in the carriage until I make my introduction."

Scarcely had he entered the house till out popped la

Maitresse, giving so many kind invitations to come in and cool, to sit and to eat some watermelons. To have refused would have been placing myself entirely in the minority of the party. We found the cottage a model of cleanliness. Moreover, its hospitality made it the kind of a home for the itinerant preacher in his way-faring pilgrimages, needed for rest. It afforded to the missionary, in his self-sacrificing work of preaching to the neighboring plantations, a comfortable stopping place. The good lady, of the same denomination as ourselves, seemed especially pleased with our visit.

"Thank you for your visit, a thousand times," said she. "Oh, how I do feel when I have my own church people - just like I had my own family around me."

We left our valuables, the children, in her keeping. Then we proceeded down a very precipitous hill to the mill, formerly Cureton's, but now belonging to the husband of our hostess, Mr. Hughes. When we reached half-way down the hill, the magnificent pond, or rather bay, formed by Sander's Creek appeared fully in view, with all the rich furniture of viney and forest trees edging and o'ershadowing its shores. At last we were down the steep hill, at the foot of which stands the Mill. The master of the Mill introduced himself to the minister. Methodism was recommended by the minister to the master; a bag of the best flour was sold by the master to the minister. On our return, we stopped at the gate of the Mill Cottage for our deposits, the children. The good lady came out with teeming baskets of fruit and vegetables which she poured into our already well-packed carriage. We surmised that she presumed these sundry edibles would not be unacceptable when she observed the aptitude of mastication our young folk displayed during their temporary sojourn under her hospitable roof.

"O, you are putting in too much," said I, "you are really loading us with good things."

"Why that's nothing," said she, "I only wish you could have seen me loading Brother Mc., our missionary, the morning he left. Poor soul, the drought had taken all his

crop, so that he had neither fruit nor vegetables for his family. You see I have plenty and to spare."

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN, 1853

Number 6 - The Cemetery

In the graveyard, of which I am about to speak, everything is in perfect keeping with the sacred and solemn proprieties of the place. Religion and Refinement have, there, conjoined to have "all things done in decency and in order." The writer who said that when he wished to gain an insight to a people, he first visited their burying ground. Such a person would have been favorably impressed, from a visit to the one at Camden, with some of the characteristics of the people, deduced from the air of neatness, order, taste, and serenity pervading the resting place of their dead. Though not enduring the sentiment of the visitor, that the people of Camden must long to die to get so lovely a resting place, as that graveyard, still, invested as it is with so little material gloom, irradiated with the hopes of Christianity for the believer, it seems almost encircled with a halo from the most excellent glory. Yes, to the Christian, who knows in his heart, the Camden Cemetery can have few associations of gloom for himself. 'Tis a quiet, sequestered, shady place where the birds make sweet music and the waving trees keep time with the floating zephyrs. About a mile from town, it is just a pleasant distance for an afternoon's walk or drive. One evening when the setting sun, so emblematic of life's decline, was shedding its mellow light over nature and its softening and subduing influence disposed our thoughts to seriousness and our minds to meditation, we found ourselves at the end of the avenue-road. We opened the wicket gate leading into the Camden Cemetery. We entered where the sun was pouring his receding glory upon every white stone and green mound.

The most striking object to the eye of the visitor in the Camden Cemetery, immediately upon entrance, is the noble monument to the brave young soldier, slain in the

Mexican War. His name was Lieutenant J. W. Cantey. This elegant and appropriate memento was erected by his class in college. It is a beautiful block of white marble, exquisitely sculptured, the military accoutrements of the soldier cut on the shaft in relief. The base bears the following inscription: "In memory of Lieutenant J. W. Cantey of the Palmetto Regiment, son of General J. W. and E. R. Cantey. Born November 2, 1822; died on the battlefield, September 18, 1847."

When South Carolina summoned her sons to the field, he obeyed the call by shouldering his musket; he was afterwards elected a lieutenant in the company from his native district. He shared with honor in all the hazards and glories of his regiment in the Mexican campaign. In the battle of Churubusco, when the regiment from South Carolina came so near annihilation on the field from which they refused to retire, Lieutenant Cantey's chivalrous daring was eminently conspicuous. His superior officers, disabled by honorable wounds, were no longer able to command. Henceforth he assumed command of the remnant from Kershaw and escaped death without dishonor. On September 13, 1847, the Castle of Chapultepec was taken by storm. While leading his men up to a breach in the walls, which he had discovered, this gallant young soldier fell before it, shot in the front. He died under the victorious flag of his country.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest."

Breathing the inspiring air of Hobkirk, his home crowned its summit, and surrounded by the refining amenities of Kirkwood, it is no wonder that his spirit was gentle as well as brave. From his boyhood up he was remarkable for his tenderness and humanity. He exposed himself to scoffings and ridicule in the cause of the unfortunate.

Farther on there are two others, the brothers Rosser; one under Captain Chesnut of the Florida campaign; another under Major Moffat of the Mexican campaign. Their cenotaph is here. Dickinson, from this district, the second in command of the Palmettos, where lies he? From carelessness,

procrastination, - it can't be ingratitude, nor necessity, as in the case of Sir John Moore, "They have carved not a line, they have raised not a stone," for Dickinson.

As we proceed on our sepulchral walk, here is the tomb of one I knew well. I was at her wedding. A gentle, timid bride, she became the efficient mistress of a family, a devoted wife and mother. Ha! There is a lone mourner who has come here by himself to weep. We will avert our heads, we will turn our backs. Aye, the mourner's ear is nervously sensitive to the stranger's footfall. We will hie us homeward. When we can lay hand on a scrap of paper, we shall put down a few more thoughts on the Cemetery.

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN, 1853

Number 7 - Gum Swamp

Recreant is he to the claims of patriotism who sojourns even for a season in Camden and seeks not for an opportunity to see GUM SWAMP. The Battle of Camden or GUM SWAMP will give zest to our ride, albeit a warm day and seven miles from Camden.

Passing Hobkirk which we have already noticed in a former ride, four miles brings us to Sander's Creek where Greene's army encamped after the conflict at Hobkirk, and from which Col. Washington was ordered back to reconnoitre, when he concerted the ambuscade by which the troop left by Rawdon in charge of the field, fell into his power. This Colonel Washington, by the way, seemed to have been a bit of a "Swamp Fox" himself, as well as Marion, when by means of a big round log elevated a few feet from the ground, which he pretended to be a cannon, caused the garrison held by Col. Rugeley near Camden to submit, and "the Colonel's chance of becoming a brigadier forever cut off by the formidable and belligerent appearance of this innocent and inoffensive piece of timber."

At this Sanders Creek, cool clear and lucid, our poor

war worn, wounded soldiers were, after Hobkirk's well-fought field, refreshed and invigorated for new toils and hardships in the cause of their suffering, bleeding country. It is a beautiful creek; how welcome must its gentle murmurs have sounded after the deafening roar of cannon, and how grateful must have been its cooling draught and cleansing bath after the smoke and dust of battle.

Gum Swamp or the Battle of Camden, the scene of which we are approaching, took place the 16th of August, 1780, that of Hobkirk's 25th April, 1781. The road that leads off to the right, is the famous Rugeley's Mills, the position which the American army occupied, and which they left, imprudently, for it was a most advantageous post from which to attack the British Army at Camden. They left Rugeley's at ten o'clock the night of the 15th of August, Cornwallis, at the same time forming the design of attacking the American Army under Gates at Rugeley's and leaving Camden about the same hour. It was just two in the morning and just after the British had crossed the little stream of Sanders, says the historian that their advanced guard encountered the head of the first American column, but after a short engagement, as if by tacit consent, the two armies suspended hostilities, and impatiently waited for the day.

Here we are at the Swamp, the veritable GUM SWAMP, but with no monument inscription stone. I endorse the sentiment of a patriotic writer, that those battlefields in our state illustrated by the gallantry and devotion of our ancestors, should be marked by permanent mementos at the cost of the State; and he who would carry such a measure through the legislature would himself deserve a monument. GUM SWAMP was a position most unfavorable for Gates, of which Cornwallis had been duly advised, and of which Gates had been forewarned by DeKalb, whom he had superseded in command. DeKalb foreboded the worst. In conversation with one the day before the battle, he remarked, "War is a kind of game and has its fixed rules, whereby when we are well acquainted with them, we can pretty correctly tell how the trial will go. Tomorrow it seems the die is to be cast, and in my judgment, without the least chance of success on our side." Whom the Gods would destroy they first turn

mad, an aphorism well applicable to Gates, to whose extreme recklessness and imprudence the loss of the battle has been always attributed. The continentals, though deserted by the militia, behaved with the utmost firmness and gallantry. Led on by the Baron DeKalb, they did all that human valor could do to retrieve the fortunes of the day, till overpowered by numbers, and pierced by eleven wounds, their commander fell into the power of the enemy.

A true nobleman was Baron DeKalb - a man of prudence, foresight and bravery. Had Gates given ear to his wisdom and experience, the day might have been ours. He was as Washington said, the generous stranger, who came from a distant land to fight our battle and to water with his blood, the tree of liberty. Undaunted to the last, when condoled with by a British officer as he was dying, he replied, "I thank you sir for your sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for - the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man."

All along the road we observe incisions in the trees, for the purpose of extracting bullets. My thoughts were these at Gum Swamp.

GUM SWAMP

By these signs of ruthless war,
Here our fathers fought and bled,
Here the bullet swiftly sped,
While the cannon boomed afar,
These old pines might tell the tale,
Of the patriots, when they perished,
For the cause their brave souls cherished.

Can our hearts too highly prize,
What our fathers' valor wrought,
What their very life blood bought
All their loss and sacrifice?
No, be hallowed every place
We their deeds heroic trace;
Inwrought in the country's story,
What they wrought out for her glory.

For her glory and her good,
All the blessings brought by peace,
Tell it water, tell it wood,
If her children do not tell,
How her heroes fought and fell.
How her patriots nobly perished,
For the cause their brave hearts cherished.

M. M.

The wagoners as they go along, said a countryman with whom we got into conversation, cut these holes in the trees to get out the balls lodged there.

In order to be fully imbued with the classic of Camden, one on his return to town should stroll along DeKalb Street, the finest in the place, to the plain and dignified monument erected over the brave Baron DeKalb to whom Congress ordered one to be erected at Annapolis, Maryland. The one at Camden was at private cost and bears this inscription.

"Here lies the remains of Baron DeKalb, By birth a German, but in Principle a Citizen of the world.

His love of liberty induced him to leave the old world to aid the citizens of the new in their struggle for independence. His distinguished talents and many virtues weighed with Congress to appoint him Major General of the Revolutionary Army.

He was second in command in the battle fought near Camden on the 18th of August 1780, between the British and the Americans, and there nobly fell covered with wounds while gallantly performing deeds of valor in rallying the friends and opposing the enemies of his adopted country.

In gratitude for his zeal and services the citizens of Camden, have erected this monument."

Then to wind up the day one should by all means visit what is called the Cornwallis house where both he and Rawdon took up their residence for a considerable period of the revolutionary struggle.

It stands on an elevated and extended plane at the

extreme south end of the town, a locality deserted on account of its supposed insalubrity. This fine large, but dilapidated building is now tenantless and forsaken. The sounds of wassail and mirth have given place to the hootings of the owl and flapping of the bat. So be the end of the habitations of cruelty.

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN, July 17, 1873

Number 1

Camden is a great town, not only upon paper, but on the ground - it only needs houses and population to be a big city. It extends, north and south, nearly three miles from Pine Tree Creek beyond the heights of Hobkirk; from east to west two miles from the bright waters of Pine Tree to the muddy low-grounds of the Wateree. It embraces the rich alluvial bottoms, the fertile mulatto table land, and the sharp, shining, sparkling sandhills. Here and there on all these soils Cotton sends down its roots and spreads wide its fruitful and beautiful branches.

Now then, there lead out of Camden the Charleston Road, the Chesnut Ferry Road, the Knights' Hill Road, the Lancaster Road, the Cheraw Road, the Tillers Ferry Road, the Darlington Road, the Black River Road, etc. We think we are within reasonable bounds when we say that there are along these roads within five miles of Camden ten thousand acres of unused, unappropriated lands equal to the town lots lying at the commencement of these respective roads. Where well-manured and cultivated, these lots and lands of alluvial soils, rich mulatto lands, and sand hills produce one bale of cotton to the acre. Since the war, these are worth \$70 to \$100 per bale, produced at an average cost of less than \$20 per bale. The highest cost we have known for the production of any bale of cotton has been \$22.

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN, July 24, 1873

Number 2

Let us start out this bright day at the northern terminus of Fair Street. Here the street is blocked by the extensive gardens and parks of Mr. William E. Johnson, and here is the hill above "Greene's" surprise spring, named nearly a hundred years since for the gallant Kirkwood - then a wild tangle, now a fairy scene. But we turn our back upon these tempting views and look south - the street running due north and south is on a smooth ridge two miles and a half - way down to its terminus on Pinetree, by the "Old Cornwallis House." This makes a splendid drive; the road is so smooth that a 2.40 horse could do all his work on that track, only we don't have 2.40 horses, or men, or women here. On that road "after you is manners;" it is not "en regle" to pass another turn-out on our drives. If business or necessity compels one to pass another, a very humble bow conveys an apology, and a similar one acknowledges its receipt. This is said to be old fogyism, but it looks quieter and more dignified than throwing dust from your wheels over a party and laughing at him to boot. To us benighted people down South that seems to be "adding insult to injury."

As we drive down this street, we will not notice any of the private residences, remarking only the neat Presbyterian mansion with its snug retirement, handsome trees, and beautiful evergreens, the little rectory of "Grace Church" with its noble park in front, and the spacious Methodist parsonage. A fleeting thought suggests itself to us as we pass a residence or, perhaps, its ruins on the southern line that here dwelt the past generations of Kershaws, Ancrums, Cipleses, Deases, Boykins, Chesnuts, McRas, Brevards, Martins, Englishes, etc. This thought is banished as unworthy of our utilitarian era.

We observe on our whole ride that we are on the dividing ridge between Pinetree and "the Wateree." To the east, the grounds slope off to the valley of Pinetree and to that extensive sheet of pure bright water, "The DeKalb

Mills," rising beyond in a range of hills, whence you can overlook the whole valley of Pinetree and Wateree. To the west, you can see most of the town of Camden and the plains of the river plantations beyond. The stranger would ask why the business portion of Camden was not built on this noble street? The answer is easy. When the Quakers settled this vicinity in 1745, they selected for their homes, wisely and well, the foot of the falls, the head of navigation. These were noble lands, lying on the Wateree between Pinetree and Sanders' Creek.

When Colonel Kershaw laid out Camden, he, of course, located his town with an eye to the navigation afforded by Pinetree Creek and the Wateree River. It was fitly done, but "tempora mutantur now cum illis," now the railroad deserts the old town. Near the foot of Fair Street stands our handsome and capacious depot, whence sixteen thousand bales of cotton have been shipped already this season. We turn squarely to the east, above the depot, for a drive of two miles over a fine road; we cross just beyond the depot, Little Pinetree Creek flowing from DeKalb Mills to its intersection with Big Pinetree, just at the depot.

Just after we cross Little Pinetree, we notice the foundation, all that remains of "McRa's Flouring Mills." This was a great establishment which, with Carter's Mills on the same stream, received wheat from Chester, Fairfield, York, Lancaster, Chesterfield, Darlington, and Sumter Districts in South Carolina; and Anson, Mecklenburg, Rowan, Cabarrus, etc., counties in North Carolina. Camden, settled by Colonel Kershaw, should have had a monopoly of the flour business for a time since he introduced the cultivation of wheat into this section. As we leave the old mill, we drive just one mile along the side of a large canal, which brought the waters from the Big Pond, where the saw mill stood, down to the grist and flouring mills. We pass the old pond, with its dam still standing by the old flood gates. We now come to Big Pinetree, rushing on to the river, enfranchised, free, riotous, wasting its power and time, which ought to be devoted to work. Oh, how it stirs our reconstructed, utilitarian bile to contemplate all this waste as we look upon its dark course, rushing on to the sea or idly whirling around in useless motiveless eddies. We

sadly turn our homeward way, sympathizing with the countless noble pines of the adjacent forest, which are moaning and sighing to be cut down and sawn into lumber. We view the groves of disappointed cypress and juniper, which are failing to fulfill their destiny.

RIDES ABOUT CAMDEN, July 31, 1873

Number 3

We never tire of contemplating the views and advantages of our old town. We venture, once more, to invite our readers to accompany us on an evening's ride. Let us start at the bridge over Pinetree at the foot of Broad Street.

Was this ever in town? Wide fields spread on every side; we behold not even the remains of a populous and thriving town - the intersections of wide streets only showing where a town had been - but here was once the busy mart of a thriving town. There, to the south, stood the remains of Rudolph's Store; there, on the right, Broom's Mill; there, the canal, projected in 1798 by Broom, Kershaw, Brevard, and others. The purpose of this canal was to connect Camden with the Wateree River and to avoid the heavy transportation over muddy roads, one and one-half miles to the boat landing. We pass on north, riding on a fine, wide, hard street. On the right, stood, for generations, the old "Cornwallis House," overlooking from its heights the valley of the Wateree, until Sherman's vandals burnt it.

There, on the left, is the old Quaker Burying Ground - just by, there stood the old Presbyterian Church, now marked by the graveyard. There sleep many of our old people. Within that large granite enclosure with an iron rail surmounting, lie the remains of the gifted, accomplished Henry G. Nixon, cut off early in life. He was equally, perhaps, a victim of a restless ambition and the "code." A little further north and east stood "the church" - the Colonial Government Church, now marked by the cemetery and used only by the descendants of the Kershaws and

DuBoses. A little farther stood the old Methodist Church. We have ridden nearly half a mile from the southern boundary of the town; not a house remains. All of the once populous squares are now occupied by corn and cotton fields; we enter upon a square now, too, deserted to the cotton plant. Thirty years ago stood noble residences, occupied by our best citizens. Here were the homes of Judge Withers, Dr. McCaa, Mr. Coleman, Governor McWillie, Mr. Thomas Salmond, Colonel William Nixon, etc. In these fine squares, with a single exception, all the residences are gone, and cotton reigns supreme. We are over a half mile from the creek run; on all these fields well-cultivated cotton is marvelously fine. We have seen the rich cotton harvests of Georgia; of the swamps, prairies, and canebrakes of Alabama; of the walnut hills and swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana. We have never seen finer cotton grown than some of these fields. We are rejoiced to see it for we far prefer to see the rich green of the cotton fields varied by the white and purple blooms rather than the leaning, tottering, crumbling walls of decayed houses - saddest, gloomiest mementos of a past and a better day.

We renew our ride. There stands our noble Court House - all that is left in the lower end of town, of our former wealth, strength, and position. We may not mention here the sad thoughts suggested as we look upon its noble walls and fine proportions. We pass to what was here, our great City Square, the great mart - up to the great fire of 1829. The whole block was built in city style - huge and tall brick stores, with residences above. There were two splendid hotels on the two southern corners; from there up to the next block, all was built up with elegant stores. Fire swept all these. It was pretty well rebuilt, though partially, until more recent events have given the town a still upward tendency. The next large block runs up to Rutledge Street; the lower half of it is pretty well deserted. We are now a mile from the southern boundary of the town, and the town just now commences. The business portion of the town is confined to Broad Street, from a little below Rutledge Street to a little above DeKalb - compressed into a smaller space - but beginning to assume larger proportions worthy of increasing importance. There are dry goods establishments,

groceries, drug stores, etc., handsome in exterior, attractive within, and, as we know, especially in dry goods, having as carefully selected stocks, and selling as low as any in the state, Charleston and Columbia not excepted.

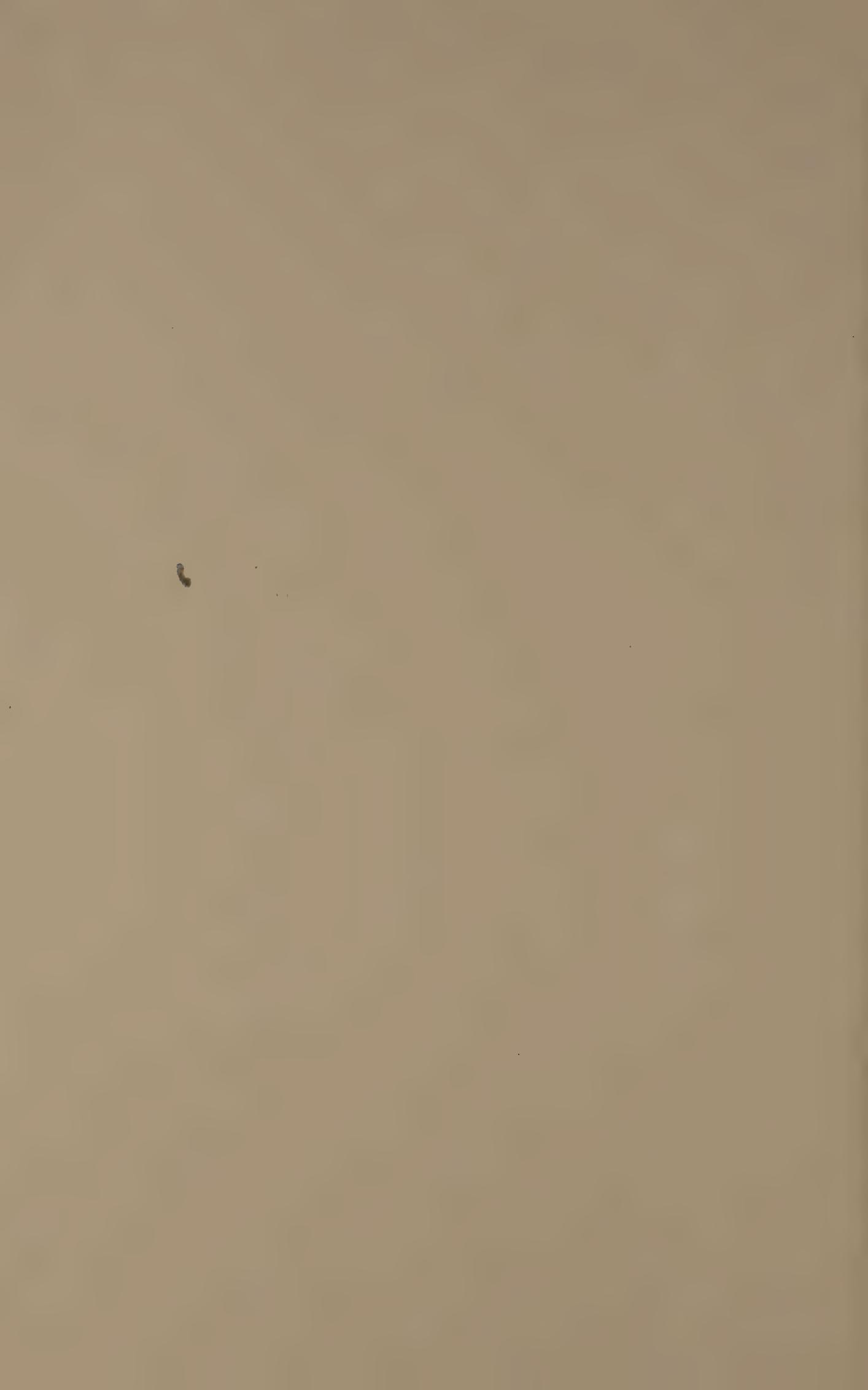
We rise as we climb the hill in upper Broad Street. For a mile and a half, that noble street stretches on through Log-Town, Kirkwood, and Hobkirk. We see much to interest and attract us here - all looking fresh, life-like, and tasteful. But our province is not to touch upon private grounds; we make no mention of any of these charming residences other than the one at the crown of the first elevation on DeKalb Street. This one still stands in complete preservation, house and grounds in fine order - "Lafayette Hall," where, in 1825, Lafayette was received and entertained, the guest of the town. Then, it was the family residence of Colonel John Carter - now, of Mr. James Dunlap.

We ride through the public squares between spacious and handsomely ornamented private grounds. Even on Broad Street, we see attractive private residences surrounded by lots in the sandhills of cotton, ranging in size from five to twenty acres, all of which promise a bale of cotton to the acre. This is a happy combination of the ornamental and useful for nothing is prettier than a well-cultivated cotton field. Surely, nothing, in this section, is more profitable than cotton. We pass, on our right, the valley where Kirkwood with his Maryland horses and Washington with his sabres, manfully resisted the onslaught of the impetuous Britons. On they came up the heights of Hobkirk to the crown where Greene, with his cannon, belched forth destruction to the hosts that crowded on him.

We can but pause here and survey the beautiful valley that lies in the south. For miles beyond the town we see the rich valley of the Wateree, capable, itself, of supporting a state. We are tempted here to stay our ride and to think of all the wealth undeveloped and lying before us in that valley and all along Pinetree. We are tempted, too, to consider the great result of that battle of Hobkirk and to pay a tribute to that great old soldier, Greene. But the sun has sunk to rest; the hues of the clouds, lit with golden, purple, crimson

and blue have deadened to a leaden hue; and the summer twilight is almost upon us.

We drive on and a little beyond Hobkirk, we reach the northern boundary of Camden. Ere the softening light fades away, we turn to the left and soon reach an eminence that overlooks Hobkirk. Here we can look down upon all the bright homes of Hobkirk, Kirkwood, and Camden. Here we stop and gaze until sight fails us - every spot within view affords thrilling memories and suggests thoughts as varying as the shifting scenes given by the dying light. But our closing thoughts are practical as we exclaim, "Oh, for a home on this high hill, above and removed from all impurities and rude contacts, and oh, for a farm in these inviting valleys!"



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